

The CARROW

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Magazine

Vol. 1

JUNE, 1935.

No. 10.

inside
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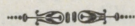
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THE OFFICE CHAT



WHEN woman wants she usually wants until she gets what she wants. That is an unauthorized translation of some old Greek or Chinese or something philosopher but it is an indication of what to expect in Ada Anderson's humorous discussion of a situation of that nature. Rather hard on our sex but it's a land of free speech and so we'll have to let it pass.

* * *

From Vancouver comes a short story that we are willing to wager will keep you in a state of puzzled anticipation until the end. C. V. Tench who resides in our Western seaport we introduce to our readers this month with this delightful little yarn of a "Mystic Mirror."

* * *

And as definite proof that you can't keep a good man down, Horace returns this month for an encore. You see in his bid for supremacy in the Debit-Credit world he had underestimated the cute slyness and chicanery of his opponent who possessed above all else an excellent knowledge of mob psychology, together with the ability to transform it into mob hysteria at a moment's notice. And so poor Horace was outsmarted. But wait, I am ahead of my story. Turn the pages a little farther and read for yourself.

* * *

However, Clifford Shelton returns this month to help divert us from too serious a political trend with his sprightly romance of a millionaire incognito who woos and wins the choice of his heart at first sight. In this way the author achieves, with satisfaction, the "double cure."

* * *

If you have a lawn that isn't or is yet to be, you are very much in the same position as many of the rest of us, namely, that you don't know much about it. That is why we have presented an article from the University that gives us a good deal more knowledge that we hitherto possessed of lawns and their upkeep.

* * *

The usual features round out our eleventh month of effort in our new—although by now, not-so-new magazine.

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Further Adventures

OF

Horace

by

JACK AND JILL QUILL.

“STOP!” shouted Strongerheart, in a taurine below. “Does not the Bible, in John 1:43, say, ‘Follow me’? Are you going to ignore its mandate?”

The crowd hesitated, still somewhat dubious. Then someone shouted: “Nay!” and the cry was taken up by the others. Horace with a disconcerting bump was dropped to the ground, and as he picked himself from underfoot he started to protest.

But a hand plucked at his coat, and held him back. It was Earnest Young Mann, first lieutenant of the enemy forces.

“Not so fast, Horace. Let him go ahead. He knows mob psychology. He has it down pat. That rabble will drink poison if he tells it to. Just you lie quiet and we’ll make you legal adviser when we take our trips. It’s worth a hundred and twenty a day.”

“But,” said Horace, “I don’t know any law. I can only orate.”

“Oh, that’s alright—this is an era of necessity—necessity knows no law—so why should you?”

“Oke,” Horace grinned and sealed the truce with a handclasp.

That evening was spent in rejoicing, while the leaders and Horace discussed plans and *the* plan that wasn’t a plan. Outside, the rabble was joyously singing the sweet refrain:

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Horace, in Blunderland, interviews Strongerheart, the advocate of a new nostrum for economic ills, Debit-Credits. Horace offers the mob a hundred and thus steals the plan.

NOW READ ON

*“There once was a banker but now he’s forlorn.
With dual allegiance he’s sadly been torn.
Twixt Credits and Currency—he cannot decide.
And so his chagrin he’s trying to hide.”*

“Tell me, sir,” started Horace, “how can you finance it?”

“Oh, simple,” beamed Strongerheart. “Unburdened Detriment—Just Rice—Seasick Dividends—A plus B plus C—Tumble down D—and there you are.”

“Hmmm!” Horace paused a minute and tried to figure this one out. “Seems to me, sir, it’s like Pat and Mike and the beer.”

“Oh! What’s that?”

“Well, you see, Pat and Mike had a keg of beer and a dime. So they started up in business to sell it at a dime a glass. Pat said, ‘Mike, I’ll have a glass of beer—here’s a dime.’ Mike took the dime and in turn bought a glass of beer with it from Pat, returning the dime. The performance was repeated, each in turn buying his glass of beer as he became possessor of the dime, until the supply of beer was exhausted. And they had consumed the whole keg of beer at a cost of only one dime.”

“Well, what’s wrong with that?” Strongerheart queried.

“It seems fallacious to me—that’s all,” said our hero.

“Nonsense,” exploded the chief. “Pat and Mike

were paid for their beer every time it was bought, weren't they?"

"Ye—es."

"And they got beer every time for their dime—didn't they?"

"Ye—es, but what happens when the beer is gone?"

"Nothing, you dummy. They've had enough by then, anyway."

Horace submitted. That seemed unanswerable.

"Have you heard my latest poem, Horace?" queried Strongerheart. "I think it's cute. It's all about me and Mann."

"Go ahead—let's hear it," our hero reluctantly sighed.

The old man smiled benignly and began:

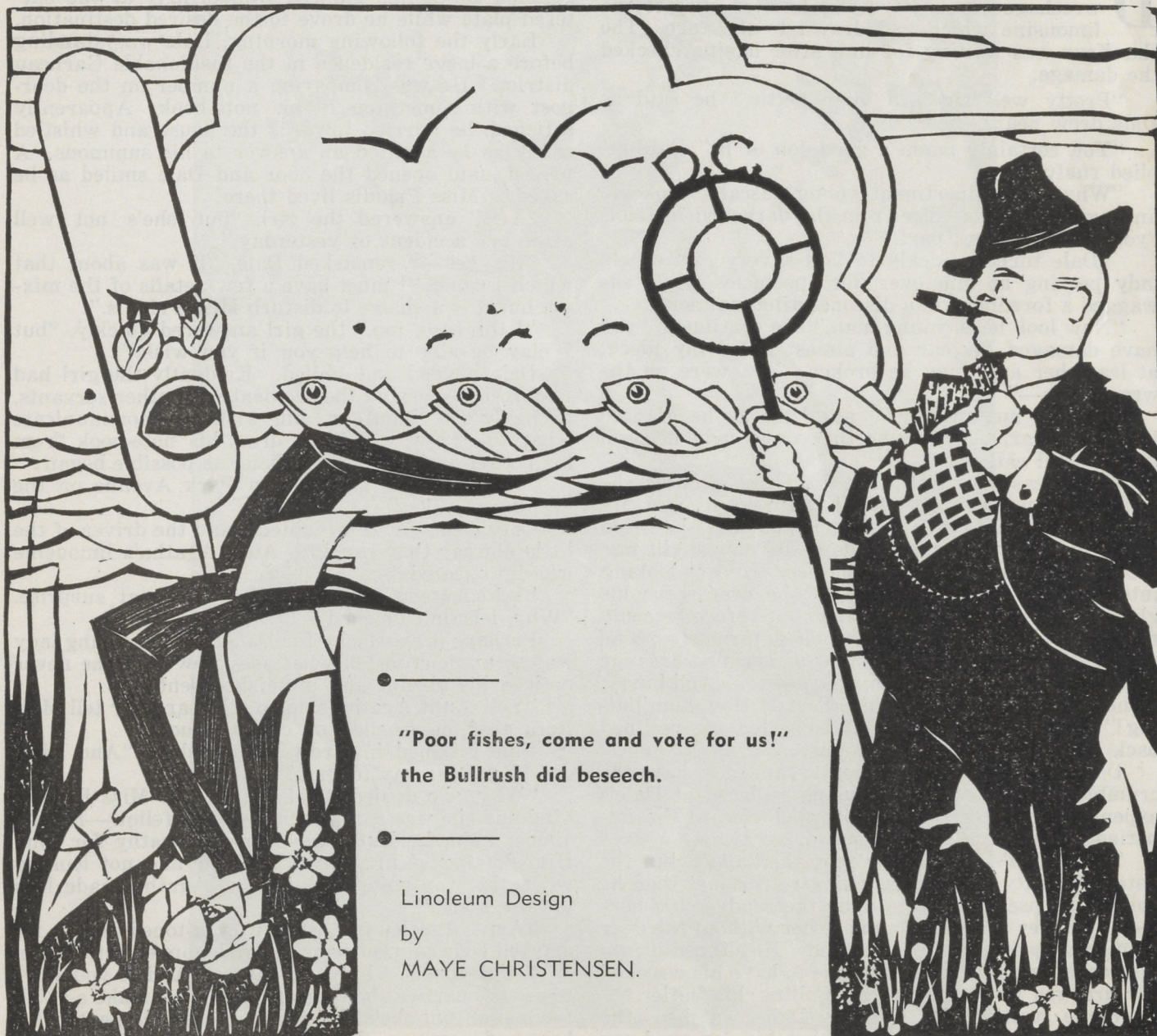
*"The Bullrush and the Pedagogue
Were looking o'er the set.
They wept and stood with eyes agog
At such poverty and debt.
If only this were rectified
We'd saviours be—you bet."*

*"If seven bills in seven hands
Circulate a year,
Don't you think," the Bullrush said,
That millions we would clear?"
'I doubt it,' said the Pedagogue,
'Let's try it, though, my dear!'"*

*"Poor fishes, come and vote for us,
The Bullrush did beseech.
'By radio we'll spread a flow
Of Ballyhooing speech.
We'll clear the Debt by what we get
From all of you and each."*

*"The time has come," the Bullrush said,
To talk reform again,
Of banks—and laws—and currency,
Of systems—in the main;
And why it is the farmer's lot
To get nothing for his grain."*

—Continued on Page Sixteen.



*"Poor fishes, come and vote for us!"
the Bullrush did beseech.*

Linoleum Design
by
MAYE CHRISTENSEN.

DOUBLE CURE

by

CLIFFORD E. SHELTON.

DALE JENSEN extracted himself from the wreckage of his Ford and hurried over to the limousine which had drawn to the curb. The chauffeur was waiting for him after having checked the damage.

"Pretty well wrecked your kettle," he said as Dale drew near.

"You certainly made a good job of it," Dale replied ruefully.

"Why, you impertinent young rascal," broke in an angry feminine voice from the darkened interior, "you did the doing part."

Dale turned quickly to find a very excited old lady peering at him over her spectacles while she wagged a forefinger in a disconcerting manner.

"Now look here, young man," she continued, "you have damaged my car and almost killed my niece; at least her arm may be broken. You were on the wrong side—"

"Pardon me, madam," said Dale as he glanced inside the car, "but maybe the young lady needs a doctor. I'll call one."

"Oh, please don't bother," said the niece as she smiled to reassure him. "Really I am not in pain. My arm was wrenched a little, that is all," and she lifted it slowly so that he might understand how slight was the injury. But Dale did not notice. He was looking into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen; his glance strayed to her parted lips, but before he could reply the old lady who had spoken formerly spoke again. "You may stop staring at us and just arrange with James to have this damage paid for. And hurry, James, before a large crowd collects. How humiliating!" and with much fuss and chatter she reclined back again amongst the cushions.

Dale and the chauffeur soon arranged to have the crumpled fender of the limousine replaced at Dale's expense, and after some hasty apologies to the impatient old lady, watched them drive away.

"Well, that's that," Dale remarked aloud, but the note of finality was scarcely sincere for just then he spied a license plate lying upon the road. "It's hers—and the key to which I can see her without the dear aunt to snap at me," he exclaimed. He slipped it into his pocket and hurried to a phone to have his wrecked car dragged away and to call Collins, his butler.

While waiting for Collins, Dale watched the curious youngsters crowding about his damaged car

but his thoughts were elsewhere. Ever since his widowed father had wrung a millionaire's wealth from hard daily toil and then died before enjoying a penny of the fruits of his labour, Dale had striven to lighten the load of the working class. But for his collision with the limousine he would have been at a miners' strike meeting now. "Anyway," he mused, "the threat of continuing the strike will better conditions—besides, I have to discover who that niece may be."

At this moment Collins arrived in the big car and hastened Dale toward the mine.

"Where in the name of O'Hara are you driving now?" he exclaimed, forgetting that Collins was unaware of the change in his plans.

"To the haunts of moles and miners," grinned Collins.

"She doesn't live there," snapped Dale impatiently. "We need the Administration Buildings—License Department. I've got to get her address."

"Ugh—" muttered Collins, "did you bump your head or get tangled with a skirt?"

"License Department," replied Dale roughly and grinned as Collins glanced wonderingly at the battered plate while he drove to the desired destination.

Early the following morning, Dale was standing before a large residence in the fashionable Garneau district. He was comparing a number on the doorpost with something in his note-book. Apparently satisfied, he hurried towards the house and whistled softly as he awaited an answer to his summons. A pretty maid opened the door and Dale smiled as he asked if Miss Priddis lived there.

"Yes," answered the girl, "but she's not well after her accident of yesterday."

"Oh, yes—" remarked Dale, "it was about that which I came. I must have a few details of the mix-up, but it is a shame to disturb Miss Priddis."

"I think so, too," the girl answered quickly, "but I may be able to help you if you wish."

Dale nodded and smiled. Evidently the girl had just been discussing the accident with other servants, probably the chauffeur, and wished to communicate what she knew. So Dale drew his note-book from his pocket and looking as official as possible began:

"This accident occurred in Park Avenue on the evening of—"

"Yes," the girl interrupted, "and the driver of the little old car that ran into Aunt Agatha's limousine was intoxicated."

"Intoxicated?" repeated Dale in great surprise. "Why, I hadn't touched—"

Perhaps it was lucky for Dale that this young lady was so anxious to tell what she knew that she never noticed his abrupt and unfinished sentence.

"Yes, Aunt Agatha said so. I heard her tell Miss Rosa that he smelled of cheap liquor."

Dale groaned inwardly as he asked, "And what did Miss Rosa say to that?"

"Why, she denied it, of course, but Miss Rosa is kind and she was sorry for the young fellow—his car almost ruined. But I have no sympathy for him. Him driving at fifty miles an hour and not looking where he was going. But Aunt Agatha made him toe the mark."

"Aunt Agatha is a rather high-toned lady," remarked Dale cautiously as the girl stopped for breath.

"High-toned? I should say so. And if you were to see the parties she puts on. She can't make a catch for herself but she's always asking dry old gents with heaps of money so she can marry off her niece to one

of them. But Miss Rosa will have nothing to do with them. She wants a good man who has to work for his keep. Believe me! that girl has sense."

"You like her a great deal," encouraged Dale, fearing that the girl was going to change the topic.

"Miss Rosa? Oh, yes, she is a dear and has the sweetest disposition. But I suppose Aunt Agatha will marry her off at the beach."

"She is going away?" inquired Dale.

"Oh, yes, she is going to Break-Point tomorrow

with Aunt Agatha; if she is well enough."

"Thank you," said Dale as he wrote something in his book for the first time, "and now I must be off. You need not trouble Miss Rosa. Good morning," and he left the girl to recover from her surprise.

An old touring car meets all trains at Break-Point to take summer visitors to the resort at the far end of a rugged promontory jutting out into Ogele Bay. On this particular day the taxi was over-crowded and

—Continued on Page Thirteen.

Drawn

by

MERLE

MILLER.



"I shall
return
every
evening."

NOTES AND COMMENT

● SOLILOQUIES

Spring was tardy—and worse. She seemed to have defaulted. When she should have been exerting herself in her multitudinous duties and performing the wondrous achievements she has taught us to look for from her, she seemed to be frittering away the days in inactivity and idleness. She was dilatory, apathetic, lethargic—or bashful. Tired out, perhaps, and contemplating a vacation. She had never been known to take one—and how dreadful it would be if she should decide to do so. The thought intruded itself upon us that perhaps we had not been sufficiently appreciative of her wonder-workings in the past. Anyway, whatever it was, she was not her usual good self. She was not giving the impetus to things that had been her main characteristic. She was not the good old reliable that we had come to consider her. The withered and lifeless twigs and branches of the vines and hedges remained withered and lifeless. If they heard the rumblings of nature or felt the labor pains of returning life, they showed no signs of it and gave out no information about it. The earth was cold, as was the air—and the world. The robins sat around on the cold fences and lifeless branches, hunched and dejected. They seemed sad and lonely and as if regretting that blyth-someness and irresponsible gaiety that impelled them out into the big cold world and away from the more salubrious clime of their winter habitation. Two or three days of seeming spring gave way to snowstorms and blizzards and the birds having acted with their usual blind and unreasoning impetuosity, were deceived and had to pay the toll so often exacted from the trusting and unwary. And yet they would again no doubt, under similar circumstances, act similarly. They are so like the rest of us in that regard. The wise learn by experience but so many of us, feathered and unfeathered, are not wise. How dreadful it would be if spring failed us entirely. Like some of our domesticated food plants that have become so habituated to cultivation that they could not do without it, we have become so dependent upon the annual and seasonable return of spring that her permanent absence would mean for us ruin and desolation. But if it ever had been her intention to remain aloof, she relented, because the truant has arrived—and spring is again with us. Be-lated, yes, but marvellous nevertheless.

Surely spring is the season of a million miracles. When the impetuosity and exuberance and industriousness and activity of the invisible as well as the visible world

—Continued on Page Thirteen

● STRIKE ONE

WHEN Edmonton elected “Fighting” Joe Clarke to the First Magistrate’s chair last fall there were those amongst us who felt that this attempted comeback was a futile effort on the part of a man who in street parlance had “had his day!”

Yet the ensuing months have demonstrated forcibly that there is plenty of the old fire in him yet. Whether or not in his administration he has acted wisely or even correctly is still a matter of considerable argument. And a great many citizens continue to upbraid him in no uncertain terms and with not a little vituperative abuse.

The recent relief strike situation is one in which the Mayor has taken a bold and daring stand and one in which the effect is as yet uncertain as to whether it will be in his favor or in the nature of a boomerang. The relief strikers have been picketing and parading in an effort to correct what seems to them to be an abuse. Disregarding the merits of the case as to whether or not there is an actual abuse let us consider the position of the strikers. On the existing machinery of law to remedy the alleged wrongs, the strikers have turned their backs and have decided to use their own methods of correction. And because the Mayor of the city, who is sworn to uphold law and order, resists, he is condemned.

And because Magistrate Primrose, a man who has devoted a lifetime to his career assists the Mayor in his sworn duty, his resignation is demanded. It is true that the magistrate called a ringleader of the strike demonstration a “scum,” but it is to be remembered that when so doing he had before him on the bench a rather voluminous criminal record of the man, and if anyone knew

what he was talking about it would be he.

We regret one thing however, in connection with the arrests that have been made in the matter and that is that it is the suckers who get caught. It is pitiable to see callow impressionistic youths parade up and down with sandwich boards on their backs and ultimately get picked up by the police while the mouthy yellow strategists make sure to stay well in the background to watch the “fun” from afar.

We all know how youthful enthusiasm or indignation can be aroused by a few well chosen words and expressive gestures, especially when the ground has already been prepared by months of soul destroying inactivity. It is an easy step from a committee room where he has been filled to overflowing with horrible accounts of the abuses of capitalism to the rationalizing coolness of hard pavement with the sandwich board on his back. But it is too late to step down then, and he still has vision of becoming a martyr for the cause and as such invites arrest. Meanwhile his “boss” sits back and smiles satisfied at the plentiful supply of “sucker-sacrifices” he has yet on his list.

Mayor Clarke and Magistrate Primrose indeed are to be complimented on the firm way in which they are maintaining law and order. If there are abuses let those who feel them proceed in the established way to correct them. We never had patience with lawlessness and we respect the strength and fearlessness of the Chief Magistrate and Magistrate Primrose in this respect.

Yet we would like to see the “Master-minds”—if we may so honor that type of individual with such a cognomen—put behind the bars instead of the naive and imposed-upon youths that are chosen for the shock troops.

The Mystic Mirror

by

C. V. TENCH.

A SHORT STORY

THE antique shop stands in an obscure quarter of Venice, reached by way of a bewildering maze of winding canals, small bridges, tiny arches and steep flights of steps. A stranger unaided would doubtless never find it, but the visitor had been guided to the spot. He now stood within the shop's dim interior, his eyes alight with the collector's hunger and his whole bearing suggestive of suppressed excitement as he peered about him at the heterogeneous wares that filled the room to overflowing.

Another man, brown and bent and showing signs of age, rose from a stool and shambled forward. With wrinkled eyes he stared at the visitor, then croaked an inquiry:

"And what may the signore desire?"

"I am told," said the visitor, "that you possess a Venetian mirror that has an interesting history; they say that it once adorned the walls of the Palace Guaramini."

"Ah!" A warm glow showed in the dealer's eyes. "So, it is the Guaramini mirror that the signore would inspect? Ah! Then the signore must be an artist that he traverses many mean streets to seek out the genuine article. And the signore is wise; nowhere else in Venice is there such a treasure. The big shops! Venga! They are filled with rubbish. Here in my little shop I have a real treasure."

"Well, show it to me!" The tone was eager.

"Ah!" A croaked chuckle followed. "The true artist is always impatient. If you will but look, signore, you will see that the mirror hangs upon the wall behind you."

The visitor turned swiftly and drew an audible breath as his eyes fell upon the mirror. Cunning hands had fashioned the glass for it bore the stamp of Byzantine craftsmanship. Some artist had fashioned the exquisite lines of the border and traced the smooth engraving of those octagonal panels. To examine the glass more closely in that dim light the visitor took a step forward, and a cry of disappointment escaped him.

"Why, it is cracked!"

The other man chuckled.

"True, signore, but that crack but adds to its value for it proves its tragic history. That crack was made by the long-since-dead Duke of Mestre's sword." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is an old story and they say that a spirit haunts the mirror." He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot say as to that, for although I have spent many hours peering into the mirror nothing have I seen, even though I stood to one side so that my own reflection would not show. But I am just a plain man and not like the signore, blessed with the imagination and soul of the true artist."

The visitor considered this, then: "Tell me the story," he said. Nothing loth, the dealer began:

"Many years ago, during the days of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro, the mirror hung in the bedchamber of the last of the old Dukes of Mestre. The Duke was young and married to one Elena, a young woman so beautiful, signore, that even in Venice, a city world-famed for its lovely women, she was outstanding." He sighed deeply and shook his head. "But her beauty was also a curse and brought tragedy in its train, for even though she was wed to the Duke, other men sought her favors.

"And, so the story goes, Elena did not discourage these lovers, for the Duke was away much of the time, and the husband's neglect is ever the lover's opportunity. The Duke learned of her actions and the destroying fires of doubt and jealousy commenced to smoulder in his heart. The evil flames were fanned by a whisper that reached his ear that his wife was bestowing her especial favors upon a certain young man.

"Maladetta! Distrust of his wife now became an obsession of the Duke's and, signore, an obsessed man is a madman, and a madman is cunning. With the mirror you see before your eyes the Duke of Mestre set a trap for his wife; and such a cunning trap. He hung the mirror so that from his own room he could see into his wife's bedchamber.

"He then announced that he was going upon one of his frequent journeys; instead, he returned that

—Continued on Page Fifteen



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WOMEN'S WANTS

AND

WOMEN'S WONT'S

by ADA A. ANDERSON.



Design by

JAMES LYNCH.

MAN may want "but little here below," but woman wants a great deal. Having a passion for perfection, she sets her heart on happy endings—to books, to plays, and to incidents in real life. Men very unkindly insist that a woman looks at the end of a book first simply from curiosity or laziness. This is typical of man's inability to understand woman. She wants to know if it ends happily, otherwise she won't read it. "Why bother to read it if you know the end?" inquires mere man. "Why bother to reply to such an idiotic question," retorts woman. Perhaps it is with the intent to please the feminine element that, when a novel is converted into a "movie," the best-loved characters are often mysteriously resuscitated, although the misguided novelist has callously allowed them to expire in agony.

Woman wants to be the guiding spirit and yet have someone else assume the responsibility in time of need. This feminine trait was dominant in the little country girl who insisted on doing the driving when she was on the way to town with her father. The wise old horse, knowing full well the inexperience of the young driver, meandered hither and thither, sometimes on the road, but more often not. In desperation the child turned to her parent and cried: "Look where she's going!"

Ideas mean little to woman; personalities, much. This is most obvious at election time. One overhears a woman asking another how she is going to vote. The reply is usually something of this nature: "I think I'll vote for Mr. So-and-So because I like his wife." Or it might be because she likes his neckties or his voice over the radio, or because she has been him pat a stray dog on the street. (I mean the dog was on the street and the politician patted him on the head.) Shades of the hunger-striking and brick-throwing suffragettes!

The average woman either can't or won't reason. Arguing with her is like attempting to put an eel through military drill. The "critique of pure reason" means nothing whatever to her—but she can offer a super-detailed criticism of the neighbors who moved in yesterday, while all her husband has observed is that they seem to be bipeds. Instead of reasoned arguments she overwhelms you with a mass of unrelated details. This procedure on the part of his mother has been known to goad a young and undutiful son into muttering to himself: "The woman who bore me bores me still!"

Speaking of reason leads one on to the power of concentration. But what woman wishes to concentrate? The ability to do so could never be anything but a drawback to a woman who must at one and the same time keep an eye on the contents of three pots and one roasting pan, keep the baby from licking the calomine off the wall, the older children from trampling the nasturtiums in the front yard, the

demonstrator of vacuum cleaners from insinuating himself through the door, and the cat from putting its paws in the goldfish bowl. While occupied with all these matters she yet manages to set the table, to prepare the dessert, and to cut short her mother-in-law's telephone conversation without injury to that lady's ultrasusceptible feelings. Under the same circumstances, a man would concentrate on making his escape with lightning speed.

No woman wants to be understood—she prefers to remain a mystery. But she cherishes the conviction that she understands man from A to Z. What wife would make such a confession as a man of my acquaintance did recently? He complained, with a frown of utter bewilderment:

"I've been married ten years, and I don't know Mary yet!"

One of woman's fundamental characteristics is her love of change. Her propensity for moving the furniture about has been commented upon in assorted language by long-suffering men. But her craving for variety in clothing is even more pronounced. No doubt Eve altered the arrangement of her fig leaves every hour or so. As soon as the girl's tiny fingers can hold a needle she is busy renovating her doll's wardrobe and the eighty-year-old grandmother is equally intent on rearranging her lace collar. At all periods of her life one might say that as a woman sews so shall she also rip. If man is wise, he "lets her rip," since nothing on earth can stop her.

—Continued on Page Seventeen



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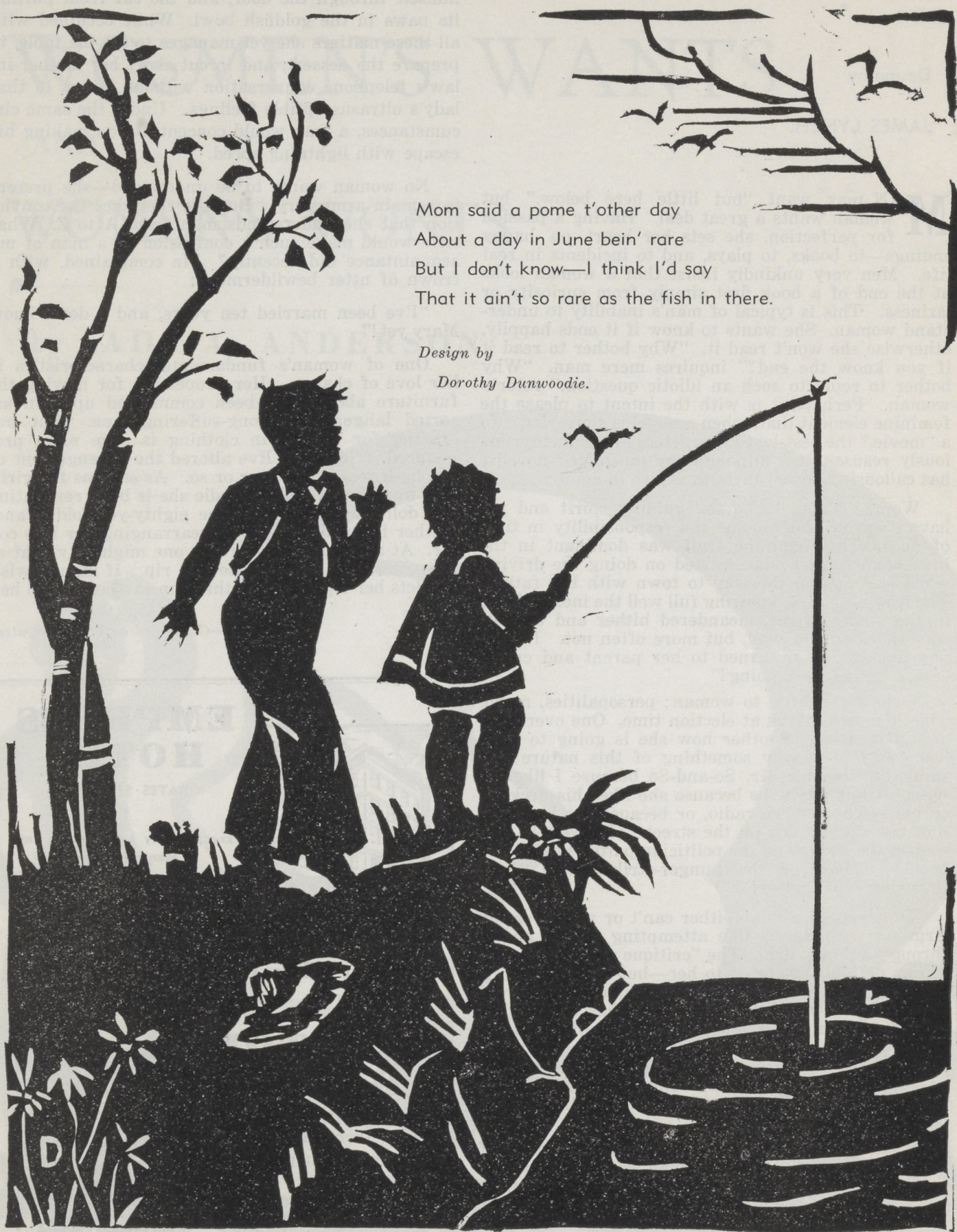
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Mom said a pome t'other day
About a day in June bein' rare
But I don't know—I think I'd say
That it ain't so rare as the fish in there.

Design by

Dorothy Dunwoodie.



Milady's Diary

by MARJORIE.

● TRIBUTE OR WHAT?

OUR two largest Alberta cities have quite a reputation abroad among the auto tourists and travellers who visit our far west. They consider these cities the two worst places to drive in, that they encounter. One man from Los Angeles was quite vociferously outspoken on the question and he pointed to the cause—the pedestrians. It seems that we pedestrians are the world's worst and that the reason our hospitals aren't full to overflowing is because our motorists are such darned good drivers.

Now, if you own a car—take a bow.

● A HOLD-UP

The knee-high stockings introduced last summer are back again, only this time with improvements. The last year's variety with ordinary elastic run through the top is replaced with one in which there is in its stead washable elastic material that holds them well in place. They are to be had in crepe as well as chiffon. Here's to a comfortable summer.

● A COOKED-UP PLOT

Our men may well perk up when you tell them this little news item that Miss Isabelle Alexander, the new director of The Home Service Bureau, is here to indirectly assist the jaded male appetite. With eight years of experience in this kind of work, Miss Alexander takes over in this department with a staff of five who, teaching at the province's agricultural schools, will travel throughout the district to demonstrate the home arts such as cooking, canning, etc.

I, myself, suspect a deep dark political plot here. It seems to me that the Government, seeing all too

well the evident bad temper that is being displayed over the approaching political excitement, has attributed it to the dyspepsia attendant in the male by reason of friend wife's cooking. And so they employ Miss Alexander to put it right again. Smart men, these politicians.

Nevertheless, whatever the motive, Miss Alexander fills a position that is a decided boon to the farm woman and we look to this department to very shortly become indispensable.

● THROW A PARTY

Are you a woman who dreads to give her children a party because of the work it entails the morning after? Well, I have a little secret that if used will turn a destructive social event into a delightfully constructive one. It entails using a method that has been common in Europe for centuries but ignored out here because of our evident "advance in civilization."

Anyway, here's the plan. Wax your floors. Invite in the neighbors' children. Tie pads made from old dusters on their feet. Turn them loose on the floors and there you are. In ten minutes the floor is shining like a billiard ball, the children have had lots of fun, and your back doesn't ache next morning.

Incidentally, the secret of good floors is to wax once but polish often. Too much wax is even worse than too little.

● SHOCKING BEHAVIOUR

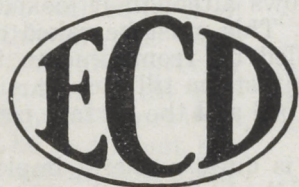
The death of Lawrence recalls many tales of the East, but an experience of a friend of mine while in Persia tops them all. His Indian water-boy and Persian cook worked up between themselves a first-class feud. So the wily Persian apparently made an easy wager with the ingenuous lad. He bet him that he couldn't climb a pole and hang from the wires. It was too easy. The boy won the wager, but didn't live to collect. It was a high-tension line.



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LAWNS

by A. PATON.

A GOOD foundation is just as necessary for the permanency of a lawn as it is for a structure. By way of illustration might I prove my contention in a somewhat exaggerated form with which we are all familiar. Take for instance the new-made grave in a cemetery, it is "first a hump and then a hollow." The casket is the foundation of the grave but it ultimately crumbles and caves in, and the grave gradually settles down as years go by and leaves a depression which in the first place was high above the level of the land. This settling is greatly assisted by rain or moisture in some form or other. Every observant person will notice how newly-made ditches conveying water and sewer lines will settle down after a rain storm. Nothing will settle earth like water, it conveys every particle of earth down with it till it finds a bed of its own, solidifying from the bottom upwards.

In making the new lawn the first thing is to plough or spade the land thoroughly and deeply. Before grading remove all sticks, tree stumps, stones and rubbish in order that you may have a proper and permanent foundation. Sometimes cut and fill is necessary to get a suitable grade, but this entails more care and labor to secure a firm, even surface which will not eventually fall into holes.

An even surface without little bumps or depressions is very essential. It is not always necessary to make the lawn perfectly level, in fact it often looks better if sloping or undulating. Terracing sometimes cannot be avoided but has the drawback of having an artificial appearance and creates difficulty in the manipulation of a lawn mower. Without a lot of care and watering the grass will gradually die out on the corner of the terrace leaving bare spots and weeds to take its place.

A depression where water will collect should also be avoided if possible, as mild winter weather might cause a pool of water to collect where ice would form. Should the ice remain over a certain period winter killing will result through lack of air. Keep all grades sloping from the buildings to ensure good surface drainage and create a better appearance. Introduce footpaths where necessary to avoid wearing out of the grass, a neat footpath always looks better than a damaged lawn. If the soil consists of basement clay, sand, or gravel, haul in some good top soils and cover to a depth of four to six inches, preferably six inches if good soil is easily available. If the soil is poor, a good dressing of well-rotted barnyard manure thoroughly worked in will work wonders.

Keep the soil regularly and well cultivated so that weeds and plant life of every kind will not be allowed to breathe. The leaves are the stomach and lungs of a plant and to allow them to grow is an indication that cultivation is being neglected, because they are developing a root system which will give trouble later on. Every piece of land has objectionable plant life in some form or other which must be eradicated before seeding the lawn. Air, warmth and moisture are the three essentials to all plant life and without those three or any one of those three things, a plant cannot grow, hence the need for cultivation.

Cultivation is really the key to success, by frequent cultivation the lumps are broken up and air and warmth allowed to enter the soil. This cultivation also makes the land more retentive of moisture. When the land is rich, mellow and moist it is in good tilth and in this condition every root and every weed seed will spring into life.

Remember your land contains weed seeds which you cannot see, and now is your golden opportunity to get them to germinate and come to the surface where the harrows, wheel hoe or rake will put them out of commission. This must be done before the young weeds get their second pair of leaves, or their root system will be better established and the weeds more difficult to kill. As time goes on more weeds appear and the cultivation which has encouraged them to spring forth when again repeated will send them to their doom.

Weed seeds are simply an enemy in hiding and your tactics are to induce them to spring forth into the open then you can destroy them. As time goes on enemy reinforcements in the form of more weeds will put in their appearance which must immediately be sent to their doom. After a while the weed seeds will become exhausted and you may rest assured you will not have them to contend with in the lawn as would otherwise have been the case. When weeds come up plentifully in the lawn they either have to be hand picked individually, which by the way is a laborious and slow job, or if left will smother out the patches of grass or probably ruin the lawn completely.

A case comes to mind where a party employed a greenhorn who posed as an experienced lawn maker. The party who engaged this man to do the work was entirely ignorant as to how a lawn should be made and left the job in the hands of this self-styled experienced man. He dug the land early in the spring, raked it over and immediately sowed the grass seed. The result was that a small percentage of the grass came through, and the weeds came up in a solid mass, the seed of which ripened and polluted the land probably a thousand fold. The proud prospective owner of this small lawn was out \$50 for labour, plus the cost of lawn grass seed and in return was minus a lawn, plus a wilderness of weeds and a rich heritage of weed seeds; hence the necessity for a proper foundation. In this particular case the whole thing was a dead loss, but supposing the land had been free from weeds the job was hurried through and the soil was not evenly compacted and would eventually fall into holes.

To rush a lawn in quickly from digging, or ploughing, to seeding is on a par with the old proverb, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." After each rain storm or artificial watering the land will settle into little hollows although it looked perfectly even to begin with. This must be raked over and all the depressions filled up from time to time after each watering or rain storm till each particle of earth has found its own bed and the surface remains true, firm and even.

The roller is quite a useful implement in assisting to compact the land, but should not be used if the land is in a soggy condition. If land is inclined to be clayey and soggy the roller would have a tendency to bake and sour the land. Local conditions are the determining factors as to what is best to be done, and it is necessary for each person to use judgment of

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● SOLILOQUES

—Continued from Page Six

begins. When the leafless, sterile-appearing, skeleton-limbed and apparently lifeless trees and shrubs come to life and give off an irruption of protuberances that later develop into a glory of foliage, more beautiful than anything we could conceive in even our wildest flights of imagination had we not experienced it many times before. When Mother Earth sends forth from her previously frozen and desolate bosom the tiny needlelike blades that speedily grow into and become the various and numerous plants and flowers which are an ever-recurring revelation and wonder to us. When the forces of nature that have lain dormant for so many desolate months have broken out into activity and the world becomes full of life and energy. When our feathered friends come to pay us their annual visit but are busy the live-long day, allowing themselves for recreation only the morning hour between dawn and sunrise which they employ to let loose upon the world a flood of song and melody, and a briefer period after the day's work is done when for a few minutes before they sink their heads in slumber they send forth a chorus of praise to whomsoever it is they credit for the joys of living. That season when an insect world comes miraculously and almost instantaneously into being and the little peoples of which it is composed are everywhere fussily and frantically working, and the busy, buzzing bees and graceful, vari-colored butterflies are speeding hither and yon on their respective missions, and when the display of industry so evident everywhere at last wins the sympathy and support of the powers of nature which, in aid of the little denizens of the field, forest and air, engage and hold back the Frost King and his ally the Storm Fiend, and enter into conflict also with the powers of darkness, from whom, while the busy season is on, they wrest each day a little more of that precious daylight that is so necessary, and without which the day would be all too short in which to do all the important and momentous things that are theirs to do.

That wondrous season that would be all too fleeting if it were not that we may comfort ourselves with the reflection always that other springs will come and more miracles will happen. That, in fact, wonderful thought that it is, springs will never cease coming and miracles will never cease happening—and all's well.

● DOUBLE CURE

—Continued from Page Five

two men were forced to travel on foot. The one who walked in front was tall and athletic. His curly hair being free from any covering seemed to turn golden in the sunlight. In grey flannels, sport shirt and light shoes he had about him an air of good-humour that manifested itself in his lithe and active step. The other, a middle-aged man, had relinquished any hope of keeping up with his companion and now trudged in the rear in evident disgust.

"How much farther?" he gasped as he trotted nearer to be heard.

"Why, Collins," replied the other in mock surprise, "and you the conqueror of Mount Robson."

"But the heat—the dust—and, oh, my hat." This last remark accompanied a wild snatch for his straw which sailed away in the dust of a big limousine, bearing a battered license plate.

And while Collins dusted his hat Dale Jensen noticed that the limousine showed no other sign of its recent accident.

That evening Dale climbed to the heights of Break Point, to enjoy the rare pleasure of a country sunset. From a rocky crag he saw the glow of rippled waters fading in the surrounding grey. The purple of distant hills, the gold of a low hanging cloud. Here was beauty indeed and his whole being thrilled to its grandeur.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" a voice murmured nearby.

"Glorious," Dale replied and turned eagerly to face her, for he had easily recognized that musical voice with its peculiar husky accent. She was standing a little to his right facing the setting sun. Seen in the uncertain gleam of street lights she had been pretty. Here she was superb. The sun caught stray wisps of her fair hair to change them to gold while deep violet eyes smiled where parted lips only hinted at such. A dimpled chin—a lissome body. She was perfect.

"Glorious," repeated Dale and smiled with her.

"I understand that every evening seems more lovely than the last," she said while seating herself on a nearby rock. "Is that true?"

"This is my first but I'm sure it will be so," answered Dale. "Will you come often?"

"I shall return every evening."

"Then you will come tomorrow," he suggested.

"But no," she mused, "tomorrow my aunt is inviting a millionaire to dinner. He is said to be at the hotel under an assumed name, but Aunt can 'tell' a rich man's presence."

"This isn't Dale Jensen, by any chance?" questioned Dale cautiously.

"Why yes—do you know him?"

"Sometimes," he smiled.

"You are joking," she replied and then as an after thought, "I suppose he is middle-aged, fat and pompous?"

"You don't seem to like millionaires?"

"I detest them," she rejoined frankly.

"You like the man of the street?" he insisted.

"I like the man who has to meet the travail of life while standing on his own feet. I like a fighter and yet one who can—can look at sunsets." And fearing she had said too much she rose as if to go.

"And cannot a millionaire love gold other than that in his pockets?" questioned Dale as he looked intently upon her hair.

"They could, but they don't," she rejoined and then suddenly aware of the intensity of his look she colored slightly and said, "Shall we go?"

Dale readily assented and together they wended their way down the path. It was almost dark when they reached the foot and there they lingered to watch a trim yacht slip quietly into the cove.

"How unlike the city," murmured Rosa, "so peaceful and so quiet."

Dale nodded and smiled. Rosa liked that smile. There was something about it that was strong and free—something that made her feel that she would not be sorry for coming to Break-Point.

"Are you from the city?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but just lately I've spent most of my time on the outskirts—in the mines."

"How thrilling!" she said. "Do you know, I've often wished that I could go down just once." She looked at him frankly. "But somehow, I cannot picture you as a miner."

"I'm not, really," he admitted, "but I needed a change." He viewed the gathering shadows with some reluctance and then asked, "May I show you home?"

That night at Break-Point Hotel the clerk overheard a strange discussion in room six.

"Now look here, boss, I've hunted wolves. I've licked two policemen and fought cooties in France but to cure Aunt Agatha of her weakness for millionaires—count me out."

"Very well, Collins," said a second voice, "you're fired."

"Again," said Collins, "that's the fifth time this month."

"Then I'll return to mining."

This must have had some influ-

ence, for Collins was heard to say, "Alright, boss, let's have the low-down."

The ensuing conversation was much too confidential even to be heard when the clerk placed his ear close to the key-hole and that gentleman departed in some disgust.

The next evening found Dale on the heights at sunset, half wishing that he had accepted his invitation from Agatha Priddis, which had awaited his return the previous evening. Another wish prompted itself and caused him to look down the path where Rosa had gone the night before, and as if in answer to his desire she came again.

"Good evening, sir," she called gaily when she saw him coming towards her.

"And what happened to our millionaire?" asked Dale.

"Oh, he was discussing the Sino-Japanese war with Aunt Agatha, so I slipped away for an Occidental sunset."

"Is he typical of his class?" questioned Dale, seating himself by her on the rock.

"Why to say truly—he is not," she said thoughtfully. "He is not so effeminate; in fact, his hands are large as though through hard work; his speech is not cultured. He would look well in out-door attire if he were not so fat. And to my surprise he seems to prefer talking to Auntie rather than with me. In fact, I may like Mr. Jensen more than the others."

"I'm glad to hear that," Dale remarked, "but let's forget them for a while. Shall we go for a walk?"

She smiled her willingness and they took the path to the cove.

Half an hour later Rosa suggested that they return together to see how her aunt and her millionaire friend were getting along.

Dale readily assented, wondering to himself how Collins was progressing in his role of millionaire.

They found Aunt Agatha and Collins seated on the garden bench. "Let us listen awhile," suggested Dale mischievously and Rosa assented by tiptoeing after him till they were behind the rustic seat.

Collins seemed nervous and looked anxiously towards the house but Aunt Agatha was elated.

"And you are very rich?" she gushed.

"Why—I have a few pence," replied Collins as he turned a dime in his pocket.

"You are so delightfully modest," returned his companion. "Just to think that I did not know you were residing in our city until you told me. Do you live in a big house?"

"It has a big basement," murmured Collins as he wet his dry lips.

"How thrilling, Mr. Jensen; but don't you ever get lonely?"

Collins shifted his feet nervously, glanced hopefully towards the garden gate and then turned suddenly towards Aunt Agatha.

"I propose—" he began when Aunt Agatha clasped his hand in her own.

"How wonderful," she cooed, "that my first proposal should be from a millionaire. Won't Rosa be surprised?"

How the two eavesdroppers got away without being discovered they never knew. Dale was almost choked with suppressed mirth. "We can't go back," gasped Rosa, "not now."

Dale laughed heartily. "Leave them to it," he suggested and then, "I have a canoe in the cove. It's a swell craft—made by an Indian. What do you say to a ride to-night? It's moonlight, you know."

The smile that accompanied his invitation was irresistible. "If you promise not to rock the boat," she said, "I will."

They were gliding past the Point where the moonlight spread out across the waters to break with a million sparkling beams on the rocky shore. Silence—except the swish of the paddle.

Rosa broke the silence at last. "Do you know that he don't know who is who?"

"That is almost true," he replied reluctantly. "And now there is something I must tell you. This man who has won your aunt is not Dale Jensen."

"Oh," she cried, "then he is an imp—"

"Yes," interrupted Dale, with a twinkle in his eye. "You see, he had a bad fall when he was young and now when he gets fifty cents he believes himself a millionaire and assumes an appropriate name."

"Poor auntie, what a shock this will be," mused Rosa.

Dale nodded in mock sympathy. "And when they are happily married and your dear aunt discovers that he is a butler."

"She will never trust another millionaire," interjected Rosa merrily.

"Precisely," exclaimed Dale, "and Collins will make the cure everlasting, I'm sure?"

"Collins? Did you ever have a fall too?" she jested.

"Why, yes!" he answered. "I fell very hard the night I met you after our crash on Park Avenue."

"Oh—then that is why I have been so puzzled. I thought that I knew you," she smiled.

"Not as Dale Jensen," he laughed.

"I was just wondering—but tell me everything," she begged.

LAWNS

—Continued from Page Twelve

their own, as a hard and fast rule cannot be laid down. It is always good policy to work on the land as soon as possible after rain. A sandy soil is always than clay. Experience is the best guide as to when in good working condition much earlier after rain the land is ready to work after rain. If in doubt, however, take up a handful of soil and squeeze it, if it presses into a lump like putty and leaves the impression of your fingers it is too wet, but if it crumbles or breaks away it is ready.

Assuming the land has been raked and packed and reraked till all is smooth and firm as a board, it is now ready for seed.

This good foundation so essential for a good lawn has now been laid, inasmuch as the land is rich in

itself, or has been well fertilized, thoroughly compacted through frequent watering or rains with alternate raking and levelling, and weed or seed destroyed. Before sowing the grass seed the land should be gone over with a rake and sufficient pressure used to ensure cultivation at least half an inch deep. When the land is in good condition and sufficient moisture available either through rain or artificial watering, seeding may be done at the rate of 75 to 100 pounds per acre of good lawn mixture or about one pound to 40 square yards. If conditions are not right you might double that amount and still not have a good catch. Always buy the best grade of lawn mixture, it may be a little more expensive to begin with but will soon repay the extra cost in results. Any reput-

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MYSTIC MIRROR

—Continued from Page Seven

same night and rushed straight to the door of Elena's room and demanded admittance. He found no one with his wife, so, apologizing for his actions and accusations, he turned towards his own room.

"But he was still suspicious and well might be, for, even as he crossed the threshold of his own room he glanced into the cunningly-hung mirror. Maladetta! In the mirror he saw a man's face reflected; it was peering from behind a curtain in his wife's room. It was her lover!

"A terrible curse escaped his lips and he leaped across the room in his madness and lunged at the mirror with his sword, making the crack you see. Sword in hand, he then hurled himself into Elena's bedchamber. When his frenzy passed, signore, his wife and her lover were both dead; his sword had drunk deep of their life-blood. He himself became a victim of the living death; he loved his wife and her faithlessness drove him mad.

"And that is how the mirror became cracked, signore, but I doubt if you believe my story, for many are the fabrications told by the smooth-tongued rogues whose shops are filled with false antiques and relics." He shrugged his shoulders and his tone became resigned." But I have enjoyed telling the story to a man of sympathy and understanding, whether the signore buys the mirror or not. After all, I am old and my wants are meagre; just my frittos and spaghetti and wine." He paused and peered up with wrinkled eyes. "But it would please me if an artist and a gentleman would tell me that he believed the history of the Guaramini mirror."

The visitor stroked his chin, stared hard at the dealer. The wrinkled brow eyes did not waver.

"I believe your story so far," said the visitor. "But it is not yet finished. What of the spirit that is supposed to haunt the glass?"

Again bowed shoulders were shrugged and brown hands were outspread.

"I have told you, signore, that I have seen nothing, but they say that those fortunate ones who are blessed with the gift of sympathy and vision can sometimes see in that mirror the reflection of Elena, the gloriously-beautiful and faithless wife of the last of the Dukes

of Mestre." The dealer got to his feet. "I cannot vouch for that, signore, and I would crave you excuse me for a few minutes."

The visitor appeared not to notice the other man's departure; eyes glowing with eagerness, he was staring again at the mirror.

For minutes the visitor stood there, standing slightly to one side and staring into the glass at an angle—and then happened an astounding, marvellous thing.

Deep beneath the mirror's surface a radiant glow appeared; slowly it increased in intensity until the whole mirror seemed bathed in some rose-hued light. The glow parted in the centre and there appeared a face, the face of a young woman. A gasp escaped the watcher's lips and his eyes and nostrils dilated as he saw the wondrous beauty of the young face. Eyes of the deepest violet, wide-set beneath a marble-white brow. Masses of hair of titian-red piled atop a lovely head. The round, young throat and milk-white smooth shoulders were fitting support for such lovely features. Scarce daring to breathe, the visitor stood rooted to the spot, unable to tear his fascinated eyes away from the vision of gloriously radiant and lovely womanhood.

All this, and then, as suddenly as it had appeared, it was gone; and only the dull surface of the glass remained, disfigured by the long crack.

A cry forced itself from the visitor's lips and he whirled suddenly, his eyes darting in all directions. He saw only the gloomy interior of the small shop. The dealer came shuffling back. The visitor grasped him by one shoulder.

"Are we alone?" His voice trembled with awe and eagerness.

The other man's face expressed amazement.

"Why, of course, signore. You can see for yourself there is but this room and my small living room. But—" His eyes suddenly blazed and he laid trembling brown hands upon the other man. "Signore! You are of the blessed? You have seen something? Maladetta! Have you been so fortunate as to gaze into the lovely eyes of the beautiful Elena? Ah! And I who have lived with the mirror for many, many years have seen nothing. Signore, you are indeed fortunate."

The visitor drew a quivering breath; his eyes were smouldering

with some intense emotion.

"I'm not certain whether I saw anything or not; your story—imagination—I do not know. Anyway, I want that mirror; please name your price."

The dealer did so and the visitor's eyebrows went up, but he paid the full sum without comment. As he wrapped up the purchase the old man asked a question:

"How did the signore learn of the mirror and discover my poor shop?"

"A man at my hotel told me of it when he learned I was a collector," was the absent reply. "He was good enough to even guide me to your shop."

"May the saints protect him!" was the pious answer. "It pleases me, signore, that the mirror goes to an artist; one who is blessed with sympathy and understanding." With shaking hands he extended the parcel, bowed his visitor out of the tiny shop.

A man—whose face was the dealer's but whose bearing was that of a young man—stood in the tiny shop talking to a girl, a girl dressed in the style of long ago, a girl whose loveliness was breathtaking. She smiled at the man even as she raised her hands to the piled masses of coppery hair that adorned her head.

"Gee, but this wig is hot!" she said, and removed it.

The man grinned.

"But it's worth it, sweetheart," he said, and put his arms about her and kissed her. "That makes forty-seven mystic mirrors we've unloaded at about two thousand percent. Even with Bill's cut for guiding the innocents to the slaughter we're cleaning up big. Of course," he added, "this racket won't last forever, but it's good while it's going."

The girl smiled and returned his caress.

"I've got a clever hubby," she said. "When the advent of the talkies washed out vaudeville contracts, and put Professor Morenzo, the world-famous illusionist and magician, out of a job, did he throw away his skill and years of training? I'll say he didn't." She smiled and hugged him again.

He patted her cheek.

"There are tricks to every trade, sweetheart," he smiled, "but mine is a trade of tricks."

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HORACE

—Continued from Page Three

"‘A loaf of bread,’ the Bullrush said,
‘Is chiefly what we need
To gobble up our heavy debt
That makes the people bleed.
Now bread and fish, the Bible said,
Doth make a lovely feed.’

"‘But not on us!’ the fishes cried,
Arching up their backs.
‘No! No!’ the Pedagogue replied,
‘We’ll get it from a tax.
You pay us ten, we’ll give you five.
There’s naught our system lacks.’

"‘If there were need I could proceed
To longer hold the floor
For yet some time with this dumb rhyme,
But yet say I, ‘What for?’
As dialogues of pedagogues
To some may seem a bore.’

"Enrancing," gushed Bullrush.

"Punk," mused Horace *sub voce*. Then, louder,
"Now, Mr. Strongerheart, I just can't figure out—"

"Simple. You can figure anything by mathematics. Take Utopia's debt as represented by X. Utopia's wealth by Y, and Debit-Credit by Z. Then X plus Y plus Z monthly for T months gives you (XTP4WSR)2 plus ORSXPY?X—"

"Yes, I guess it does," Horace grinned. "That's how it looks to me. I'm off to bed."

Next morning was Campaign Day at the Capitol where were to be gathered the representatives of all political parties who would address the multitude. Strongerheart and his group arrived a little late and Horace just heard the finish of one speech through the loudspeakers. It was:

"I'm for it if it's for the good of the people."

It sounded familiar although he just couldn't place the man. And he hadn't time to think, for the Government speaker was next.

"My friends," he began, "we are gathered here—"

"Don't believe him," screamed Strongerheart, and up he popped. "It's a lie—a dark Capitalistic plot to steal our plan."

Horace looked up in puzzled wonderment, for he couldn't see how "gathering here" could be a lie or a plot to steal a plan. And anyway, how could you steal a plan if it wasn't a plan, and how could a plan be a plan if it wasn't planned to be a plan yet for eighteen months?

The Chairman had called for order, however, and the Mouldy-Weed speaker was continuing. He finished soon and stepped down amidst applause from his supporters who intoned this song:

"From out of Britain's gloomy realm
We slyly Dug-a-lass
Of Ship of State to take the helm
And steer from this morass."

Kind of silly, Horace thought, to put a lass at a helm even if it was only Utopia. Women could never be relied upon, anyway. Yet there was no telling what despair-driven people would do in these restless days.

By now Strongerheart was on his feet. The crowd was on its feet and on Horace's also, but he didn't mind. He was mesmerized as were the others by this demi-god (pardon—typographical error; we meant demagogue).

"They say," he thundered, "that my plan an-which-isn't-a-plan—and yet-will-be-a-plan—is unconstitutional and can't be done. I would like you to know that the constitution is made by the people and for the—"

"Yes, but not our people," shouted some low-brow. "We can't touch it; the Dominion of—" He got no further for he was thrown out. Of course, being outside he couldn't exactly be thrown out. Yet Strongerheart said, "Throw him out," and so he must be thrown out and not merely thrown.

"If the people of Utopia," continued the Pedagogue vociferously, "want something done and have courage enough to stick together and not be divided, they can get what they want, no matter what it is."

"Hooray!" shouted some moron. "I want the moon."

"Such ignorance," thought Horace, "and yet, a homestead on the moon might not be a bad thing to have if Debit-Credit ever came to Utopia, particularly if, as they say, the moon is made of green cheese."

Strongerheart glared at the interruption, but before he could recommence, someone yelled, "We want our divots. Give us our divots."

"This isn't golf," someone else ventured, but the crowd shrieked:

"Ha! He's trying to confuse us. He's stating facts."

Pandemonium reigned by now, when a tall imposing-looking individual imperiously demanded:

"Divots have to be replaced. How can you do that? How's he going—?"

But the whole crowd of Debit-Creditors began to jump up and down, yelling:

"He's a Mouldy-Weed man—why, it's Brawny Lee. Throw him out. He wants facts. Throw him out!" Horace turned to Bullrush and wiping his forehead whispered worriedly:

"Phew! That was a close call. Maybe we'd better explain that—"

"Explain nothin'," growled Mann. "No good demagogue explains anything. Besides, the answer is 'The Just Rice'."

And so it was, for Strongerheart repeated those very words, and, adjusting his pince-nez, went on importantly:

"Hey diddle diddle, the Strongerheart riddle,
Get your divots from the man in the moon.
If the orthodox bellow and the bankers turn yellow
I'll still be calling the tune."

All the Debit-Creditors joined hands and began to dance, singing the while, "Our divots from the man in the moon."

A fresh disturbance in Strongerheart's favor came from a small Debt-Creditor. He jumped up, evidently a leader in his class.

"Teen agers!" he hollered. "We 'teen agers must stick together. Strongerheart offers us a small divvy. We 'teenagers want a divvy, we do. Vote for Strongerheart."

"Stop!" shouted an old man. "I wouldn't touch

him with a ten-vote poll." But he got no farther, for he too was thrown out.

And in no time all was over. Strongerheart had won to his bosom the whole assemblage. The Government, dismayed, departed in their erstwhile much-advertised cars, and the Pedagogue-Demagogue was escorted enthusiastically down the steps to his waiting chariot. Getting into his 90-bullpower Blunderbus, he proceeded on his blundering way.

THE END.

WOMEN'S WANTS

—Continued from Page Nine

Woman's preoccupation with her appearance leads man to accuse her of vanity, but this charge is obviously absurd. Would any man admit that he was so far from perfect as to go to such extremes of discomfort and expense in the pursuit of pulchritude? There are not enough hours in the day for all the "beauty chores" recommended to woman, and yet they struggle frantically to obey all directions. A woman's chief aim is to alter her face and to cover it with as much extraneous matter as possible. Man, the incarnation of vanity, considers that he has done his duty by his countenance when he shaves off the beard so kindly provided as a protection and presents to the world his different (or indifferent) features bare and unadorned.

This thrust at man may seem a digression, but bearing in mind what has been said above, you realize that a woman will read this first and it may encourage her to turn to the beginning. Unfortunately, I dare say no more about the men, or the Editor (who, being a man, has probably an excellent aim!) will toss this with a lordly gesture into his ever-yawning waste paper basket.

LAWNS

—Continued from Page Fourteen

able seed house will furnish a lawn mixture to suit your requirements, with special mixtures for shady spots, etc. If irrigation of some kind is not available better wait till after rain, then you will be sure of better germination. Sow half of the quantity in one direction and the other half in another direction. This will ensure an even distribution of seed. Then rake in half an inch deep as before.

Sometimes rolling is beneficial immediately after seeding and sometimes not. If the land is clayey and a rain storm comes immediately after seeding, it may be better to wait till the ground is sufficiently covered with grass so that the roller will not pick up patches of dirt. To give the grass seed a good chance to germinate the surface should be kept moist till the grass shows a green tinge which will take about two weeks. Under ideal conditions the grass will be ready for its first mowing in a little over a month's time.

The grass should not be cut too short at first as there is a danger of some of it being pulled out by the roots before a good root system has been established. It is now that the evenness of the ground surface will tell a tale, on an even surface the grass will look uniform in thickness with a nice even surface when cut, which is an asset to any lawn. Should the surface of the grade be poor and full of little hills and hollows the results will be poor, when the

wheels of the mower drop into a depression on either side, the blades cut the grass on the high portion down to the ground, then when the wheels rise up on the little knolls the depression in between is left too long.

Indeed the whole lawn reminds one of a boy with his hair all shear marked the result of his father's effort in the role of an amateur barber. Once again the necessity for a solid foundation is obvious to maintain an even surface permanently.

If the weather is dry it is often advisable to leave the clippings on the lawn, as it soon shrivels up and forms a useful mulch in protecting the grass roots from the hot rays of the sun. Generally speaking, the grass should be cut about an inch high, but if a spell of very hot weather should set in it may be necessary to delay the cutting for a time or else cut a little higher than usual. To cut a heavy covering of grass down to the bone in hot weather generally results in burning the grass brown, especially does this apply where cutting has been delayed too long.

A good root system is the making of a good lawn and once again this essential unseen portion of the plant serves as a foundation on which the blades depend for their rich green verdure. The roots in turn are in proportion to the abundance of plant food and moisture available in the soil. Once a lawn is established, light, daily sprinklings should not be practiced but soak the lawn say once a week or as local conditions may call for. Light, daily sprinklings induce the roots to come to the surface of the ground, and if for some reason as it is after the case the lawn sprinkling is neglected, the moisture is gone and the hot sun's rays burn up the roots lying close to the surface giving the lawn a scorched and withered appearance.

Where applications have been heavy and not so frequent the grass roots keep following down, down, licking up the moisture as they go from this reservoir or nature storage system. This induces a deep root system which will withstand drought much better as the roots are far down in the ground actively at work and protected from the hot rays of the burning sun.

The latter end of May and throughout June is a good time to sow lawn grass and again in August. When sown during August if any weeds spring up the frost usually gets the plants before the seed is matured. Where grass has been winter killed rake the ground thoroughly and add a little fresh soil and seed, rake in, then give a good watering.

It is not reasonable to expect a lawn to stand up under abuse and neglect indefinitely. As a fertilizer for an established lawn a top dressing of chicken manure is probably one of the best and will not burn the grass as lots of people are led to believe. A covering of willow branches applied in the fall and allowed to remain till spring opens up, answers admirably, they are a protection in themselves against harmful cold winds and serve as a medium for collecting snow, which might otherwise blow especially where an eddy is formed around a building. Apart from this advantage the branches keep people from trampling and packing the snow on the lawn during the winter which often suffocates the dormant grass and causes winter killing. Bad music gives grief to all and pleasure to none.

A poor lawn is much in the same category, but a rich uniform lawn is a pleasure to behold. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

PIANOLOGUE

by

BRYAN CARR.

TWINKLING Fingers,
Flashing Keys,
Firefly Lights,
On Olive Seas,
Rose Cheeked Maiden,
Lovers Sight,
Wrinkled Skin
Or Almond Eye.

POUNDING Hands,
Jangling Key,
Roaring Waters,
Laughing Breeze,
Topsy Sailor,
Dancing Night,
Screaming Seagulls,
Swirling Flight.

SLEEPY Hands,
Sonorous Keys,
Ponderous, Wond'rous
Harmonies,
Whirling Planet,
Vivid Light,
Pouring Torrents,
Pitchblack Night,
Grave Unopened,
Ageless Sea,
Heavens Gate,
ETERNITY.

